BALLAD OF THE GRAVE ROSES,

Tong William has chosen a bonny bride, And walks, love trembling, at her side; While William's love of a year ago all in the church yard lieth low.

The bride she has taken a fancy sweet, That roses for her state are meet; And merily goes he, nothing loth, To fetch white rose and red rose both

He hies to the churchyard dread alone; He reads his love's name on the stone; The fairest ruses ever blown Are those upon her grave mound grown. The roses suring white from her snow white brow, will not his true love waken now?
The roses red spring from her heart,—
Will not his true love thrilling start?

But little he cares for the dead below; He plucks the richest flowers that blow, Forzets his true love for the bride Who walks, rose wreathed, at his side.

Twas when they had come to the high church doo The roses spoke the new bride wore:— "Tis oh, for true love," the white rose said, "Tis oh, for heart's woe, I am dead!"

"Tis oh, for my William," the red rose spoke,
"For my own love my heart is broke!"
"A curse on the bridal," together cried
The roses, "where I'm not his bride!"

Twas when to the altar high they came The curse fell on her like a flame; Swifer than winged words can tell, The curse upon her worked its spell.

The roses of white shed poison dew
That pierced the bride's heart through and
through
A poison dew each red rose shed
fill pale with death she bowed her head.

Too late does the bridegroom the roses soize; A wai swells through the churchyard trees, As mourn his sweet-voiced wedding-bells Gld love and new in funeral knells.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

A NOVEL.

BY EDGAR FAWGETT.

(withor of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless
Case," etc."

Claire felt, on this same day, like casting about in her mind for some pretext by which she might postpone her grand luncheon on the morrow. She had passed a sleepless night, having gone to bed mt seeing Hollister. In the morning she had avoided meeting him. She had no comfort to adster, no reparation to offer. The mask had been stripped from her face; the comedy had been played to its end. She had a sense of worthless pess, deprayity, sin. At the same time she reck-lessly told herself that no atonement was in her power. A woful weakness, which took the form of woful strength, overmastered her as the hours rewolder. Her thirst for new excitements deepsed with her misery and anxiety. But she sat in ber dressing-room or paced the floor, till past three in the afternoon. There were numberless people whom she might have visited; there were several receptions that afternoon at which her presence would have been held important by their respecttregivers. Even the known jeopardy of her hus-band's position would have heightened the value of berappearance, adding to her popularity the spice of currosity as well.

More than once she said to herself : 'I will go to one of these places. I will show them how quietly I bear the strain. If by to-morrow no crash has come they will admire my nerve and conrage. For HIonee went, they should never discover a trace of worriment or suspense. I think the fact of my being closely watched would even make me talk better and smile brighter. The wear and tear of the whole thing might make me forget a little, too. And I want so to forget, if I can!

But she did not go. The morning papers lay on a partable. She had read every word that they had be tell her of the fierce financial turmoil. Some of the stern figures they quoted made her heart flutter with affright; some of their ominous and snarling ditorials wrought an added discomfor t.

If Hollister weathered the storm, she decided, all would remain as it had been before. Or, if not preisely that, the general outward effect would continue mite the same. She would shine among her artiers; she would dazzle and rule. He would feel his wound, now that he knew the pitiless truth of her indifference, but he would make the engrossing ventures of his business-life drown its pain until this had perhaps ceased forever. They would drift further apart than they had ever done in recent months, but to the eye of the world there would be so difference. It was possible that he would vex er with no more reproaches. It was probable that

stime passed he would forget that he had ever ad any reproaches to offer. Claire's reflections, nervous and fitful,

took by degrees some such shape as this, she found desperate, yearning pleasure in the hope that she might still drink the vin capiteux of worldly success. be almost felt like flinging herself on her knees and praying that the delicious cup might not forever be dashed from her lips. To this stage had er triumphs brought her. She was the same an who had made those resolves of abstinence and retormation which her biographer has alrady duly chronicled. She was the same woman conscience had smitten her with a sense of igher and purer things when the farewell of nursion warned her by such appalling remonstrance, and when she-found herself confronting or father's placed tomb amid the solemnities of seawood. And yet how abysmal was the differsee between then and now! The chance of radital change in heart, aim and ideal had then been gven her; but now all thought of such change only woke a wilful, imperious dissent. Her vision ed upon her own soul to-day, and showed her te mighty lapse from grace, its supine and incapable droop. The debasing spell had been woven what counterspell was potent enough to break it ? mal flashes of regret and aspiration might well assail her spirit, or of recognition that she ad lost a high contentment in gaining a low one. his was natural enough. It has been aptly put etaphor that the saddest realm of Purgatory Is that from which the walls of Paradise are visible. By four o'clock Hollister had not returned. Mrs. Diggs had made her appearance d, and Claire welcomed it as thef from the torment of her own thoughts.

"My dear," said this lady, "there has been nothing sadful in Wall Street since the crisis of the aed Black Friday. My poor Manhattan came me at about three o'clock, utterly jaded out. I him go to bed. He could scarcely speak to me. sked him about your husband's affairs, but he are me only mumbling answers; excitement had out him into a kind of stupor, don't you know?" Yes," assented Claire, understanding the nature

"So he told you nothing collapse perfectly. d Herbert's affairs ! Nothing whatever !' Nothing that I could really make out. I should in a wild state, and have a feeling about the of my feet as if I were already going barefoot,

bon't you know, had I not long ago insisted upon ttan's putting a very large and comfortable safely away in my name." re thought of the house that had been as

ed to her, of her jewels, of her costly apparel. to remember these merely aggravated her trees. What a meagre wreck they would leave in the largess of her past prosperity!

I wouldn't be awfully worried, if I were you," ued Mrs. Diggs. " If the worst should come, band will be sure to save something hand-These great speculators always do. Some sands always turn up after the storm has over. Perhaps he will begin again, and do

ander things than ever before."
"That is cold consolation," said Claire, with a I know it is for you, Claire, dear, who have been

nd things, but I won't. I might talk of retribufor your extravagances, and all that. But I leat the je coas l'avais bien dit style of rebuke. didon't want to rebuke you a bit. You have s, of course. But you're always my sweet, re. My heart will ache for you if thing frightful should happen. I say it to your a dear, as I would say it behind your back, led 1883 by Edgar Fuwcett. All rights reserved

that you are the one woman of all others whom money perfectly adorns. You spent it like a queen, and you looked like a queen while you spent it. You remember how I used to gush over Corneha Van Horn's grand manner? It could never hold a candle to yours. I'm afraid I abused you like a regular pickpocket the other night. Oh, yes, I pitched into you just as hard as I could. But at the same time I was thinking how well you carried your worldliness—what a kind of a bean rôle you made of it, don't you know? And whatever should come, Claire, always recollect that I'll stick to you, my dear, through thick and thin!"

The vernacular turn taken by Mrs. Diggs during this eager outpurst gave it a spontaneity and naturalness that more than once brought the mist to Claire's eyes. She telt the true ring of friendly sympathy in every word that was spoken; the touches of slang pleased her; they were like the angularities of the lady's physical shape, severe and yet not ungraceful. She was sorry when her visitor rose to go, and had a sense of dreary loneliness after she had departed.

It would soon become the hour for dinner But she could not dine. She knew that the decorous butler who waited on her would perceive her efforts to choke down the proflered food. Perhaps he would tingle with secret dread regarding his next wages. He read the newspapers, of course; everybody read them nowadays; and her husband's impending ruin had been their chief and hideous topic.

As the chill winter light in the room turned blue

husband's impending rum had been their chief and hideous topic.

As the chill winter light in the room turned blue before it wholly died, she sat and thought of how many people would be glad to hear the very worst. They seemed to her a pitiless legion. Then, as she thought of how many would be sorry, three names rose uppermost in her mind: Mrs. Diggs, Thurston, and Start Goldwin. Yes, Goldwin surely would have no exultant feeling. He was full of arts and falsities, but he could not fail to regret any culamity, that brought with it her own sharp discom

have no exhibit the could not fail to regret any calamitative that brought with it her own sharp discomfiture.

'He has lately been Herbert's rival in finance,' she told her own thoughts. 'Circumstance has in a manner pitted them against each other. Herbert rose so quickly. They have not been enemies, but they have stood on opposite sides in not a few matters of speculation. Still, I am sure he will lament the downfall, if it really comes. He will do so for my sake, if for no other reason. I should have questioned him more closely last night at the opera. I am sure he wanted me to speak with more freedom of the threatening disaster. I should have asked him—'And then Claire's distressed runminations were cut short by the quiet entrance of her husband. The door of the chamber had been ajar. Hollister simply pushed it a little further open, and crossed the threshold.

The dusk had begun, but it was still far from making his face in any way obscure to her. As she

making his face in any way obscure to her. As she looked at it, while slowly rising from her charr, she saw that it had never to her knowledge been so wan and worn as now. He paused before her, and

saw that it had hever to her knowledge been and at once spoke.

"Have you heard?" he said.

She felt herself grow cold. "What?" she asked.

"I'm cleaned out. Everything has gone. I thought you might have seen the evening papers. They are fini of it. Of course they don't know the real truth. Some of them say that I have five millions hidden away." He laughed, here, and the laugh was bleak, though low. "But I tell you the plain truth, Claire—there's nothing left. The truth is best; don't you think so?"

He was steadily watching her, as he thus spoke, and the detected irony of his words pierced her like a knife. A wistful distress was in the frank blue of his eyes; they seemed to reflect from her own spirit the wrong that she had done him.

"Yes, Herbert," she answered, still keeping her seat, "I think that the truth is always best."

A great sigh left his lips. He put both hands behind him, and began slowly pacing the floor, with lowered head. While thus engaged he went on speaking.

lowered head. While thus engaged he went speaking. "I can't think how I ever shot up as I did. speaking.

"I can't think how I ever shot up as I did. I never was a very bright fellow at Dartmouth. I always had pluck enough, but I never snowed any great nerve. Wall Street brought out a new set of faculties, somehow. And then everybody liked me; I was popular; that had a great deal to do with it. I suppose—that and a wonderful run of luck at the start. And then there was one tangs more—one very important thing, too. I see now what a tremendous incentive it really was. I mean your wish to rise and rule people. If it hadn't been for that I'd have let many a big chance slip."

He pansed now, standing close beside his wife's chair. "I was always weak where you were concerned," he said, regarding her very intently, and with a cloud on his usually clear brow that bespoke suffering rather than sternness. "You know that Claire. I yielded always; I let you wind me round your finger—I was so fond of the finger. If you had said, 'Herbert, do this or that foily, I'd have done it, and it wouldn't have seemed half so much a folly, because of your loved command. Is not this true?"

He came still closer to her after he had uttered

He came still closer to her after he had uttered the last sentence. He was so close that his person grazed her dress,

Claire was very pale, and her eyes were shining.

"It is perfectly true," she answered him.

Hollister's tones instantly changed. They were broken, hoarse, and of fervid melancholy. "Perfectly true. Yes, you admit it. You know that I am right. I gave you everything—love, interest, cuergy, respect, obedience. And what did you give me! Your marriage-vows. Claire!—were those fa.schoods! Speas and tell me! I never thought so till yesterday. Good God, woman! I never thought about it at all. You were my wife; you were my Claire. You were stronger in nature than I, and I loved your strength. I loved to have you lead, and to follow where you led. But your love—ob, I counted on that as securely as we count on the sun in heaven! And yesterday the truth burst on me! It wasn't I that you had cared for. It was the high place I could put you in, the dresses and dia-

sun in heaven! And yesterday the truth ourse on me! It wasn't I that you had cared for. It was the high place I could put you in, the dresses and diamonds I could buy for you, the—"

He suddenly broke off. A great excitement was now in his visage, his voice, his whole manner. Whether from pain or wrath, it seemed to her that his eyes had taken a much darker tim, and that an unwonted spark, chill and keen, lit them.

"If it all is true," he went on, speaking much more slowly, and like a man who breathes hard without openly showing it, "then I thank God that no child has been born of you and me!"

She sat quite still. She was utterly conscience-stricken. From all the facile vocabulary of feminine self-excuse her bewildered and shamed soul could shape no sentence either of propitiation or denial. At such a time she feit the infamy, even the farce of lying to him. And how could she respond with any sufficiency, any gleam of comforting assurance, unless she fold lie!

"You say that I led you into this disaster, Herbert," she presently responded, with an effort, and more than a successful one, to steady her voice.

ing assurance, unless she take.

"You say that I led you into this disaster, Herbert," she presently responded, with an effort, and more than a successful one, to steady her voice.

"I don't deny it, but at the same time remember that my forethought provided for us both in a case of just the present sort. I have the other house, you know. Its sale will bring us something. And then there are all my jewels—and—"

His eyes flashed and his hip curied. "You talk in that business-like style," he cried, "when I am asking you if you ever really loved me! Is your evasion an answer, Claire? Were your marriage-vows falsehoods?"

His hand grasped her wrist, though not with violence. She rose, unsteadsily, and shook the grasp off.

"Oh, Herbert," she said, I never saw you like this before! Let us think of what we can do in case all is really lost."

He withdrew from her, breaking into a hollow laugh. He stared at her with dilated, accusing

"You don't dare tell me. But I read it, as I read

laugh. He stared at her with dilated, accusing eyes.

"You don't dare tell me. But I read it, as I read it yesterday. . . What can we do? Ah! you're not the woman to live on a thousand or two a year. You want fine things to wear and to eat. You want your jeweis, too—don't sell them, for you couldn't get along without them, now." He kept silence, for a moment, and then hurred with swift steps toward the door, again pausing. A kind of madness, that was born of an agony, possessed him and visibly showed its sway. "Get some one else to put you back into luxury," he went on, lifting one hand toward his throat, as though to make the words less husky that were leaping from his lips. "Get Goldwin to do it. Yes, Goldwin. You've only to nod and he'll kreel to you—as I knelt. Perhaps he's got from you what I never could get. You know what I mean—I've told you."

He passed at once from the room, flinging the door shat behind him. The room was in dimness by this time. Claire almost staggered to a lounge, and sank within it. His wild insult had dizzied her.

He had not meant a word of it. He was tortured by the thought that she had never cared for him. He had used the first fierce repreach that his sorrow and exasperation could hit upon. He went to his own apartments, dressed, and then left the house. He forgot that he had not dined, but remembered only that there might be some sort of forlorn linancial hope discovered by a certain assemblage of men less deeply involved than himself, yet all sufferers in a similar way, which would take place privately that same evening at a popular hotel not far distant. All recollection of having suggested an infidelity to Claire quite escaped from his perturbed and over-wrought brain. The misery of believing that she had never loved him still continued its torment. But he failed to recall that the desperate sarcasm of his mood had ever hurled at her the name of Goldwin.

A knock at the door of the darkened room waked Claire from a kind of stupor. The knock came from lee maid, and it acted

She drank the beverage when it was brought, and changed her dress. The glass showed her a pale but tranquil face.

'I would have clung to him if he would have let me, incessantly passed through her thoughts. But mow he tells me that another can give me the luxury that I have lost. He is right. Goldwin will come this evening; I am sure of it.

Goldwin did come, and she received him with a mica of ice. Underneath her coldness there was fire enough, but she kept its heat well hidden.

"I came to talk intunately with you," he at length said, "and you treat me as if we had once met, somewhere, for about ten miuntes."

The smouldering force of Claire's inward excitement started into flame at these words. "I know with what intimate feel-

ings you came," she replied, meeting his soft glauce with one of cold opposition. "You want to tell me that you can set Herbert right with his

to tell me that you can set Herbert right with his creditors."

"Yes." he answered, slowly, averting his eyes,
"I did have that desire. Is there anything wrong about it?"

"Yes. You should not have come to me. You should have gone to him."

"Why!" he asked.

"Why!" repeated Claire, breaking into a sharp laugh. A moment later she tossed her head with a careless disdain. "I'm not going to tell you why. You know well enough. See Herbert. Ask him if he will let you help him."

"You are very much excited."

"You are very much excited."
"I have good reason to be."
"You mean this dreadful change in your husband's affairs t"

"I have good reason to be."

"You mean this dreadful change in your husband's affairs?"

"Yes, I mean that, and I mean more. You mustn't question me."

"Very well, I wou't."

But he soon did, breaking the silence that ensued between them with gently harmonious voice, and fixing on Claire's half-averted face a look that seemed to brim with sympathy.

"Would Hollister take my help if I offered it? Does he not dislike me? I beli ve so—I am nearly sure so. You tap the floor with your foot. You are miserable, and I understand your misery. So am I miserable—on your account. I know all the ins and outs of your distress. . . ah, do not fancy that I fail to do so. He has said hard things—undeserved things. He has perhaps mixed my name with his . . . what shali I call them? . . . reproaches, impertinences? You have had a quarrel—a quarrel that has been wholly on his side. He has accused you of not caring enough for him. It may be that he has accused you of not caring enough for him. It may be that he has in lated on your love for the pomp and glitter of things. As if he himself did not love them! As if he himself bas not given all of us proof that he loved them very much! Well: let that pass. You are to renounce everything. You are to dine on humble fare, dress in plain clothes, sink into obscurity. This what he demands. Or, if it is not demanded, it is implied. And for what reason? Because he still sees you are beautiful, attractive, one woman in ten thousand, and that having gambled away every other pleasure in life he can still retain you."

Claire rose from the sofa on which they were

Claire rose from the sofa on which they were both seated. She did not look at Goldwin while she answered him. Her voice was so low that he just caught her words and no more.

"To what does all this tend? Tell me. Tell me at

"To what does all this tend? Teilme. Tell me at once."
Goldwin in turn slowly rose while he responded:
"I will tell you, if you will tell me whe her you love you. husband well enough to share poverty with him after he has insuited you."

"I did not say that he had insulted me."
"I infer it. Am I right or wrong?"
Still not looking at him, she made an impatient gesture with both hands.
"Allowing you are right. What then?"
He did not reply for several minutes. He was stroking his amber monstache with one white, well-shaped hand; his eyes were now turned from hers, hers from him.

"I shall go abroad in a short time. I shall go in less than a fortnight," he said.
It was a most audacious thing to say, and he knew it theroughly. It was the bold stroke that mist either annul his hopes completely or feed them with a fresh life.

must either annul his hopes completely or feed them with a frean life.
Claire seemed to answer him only with the edges of her lips.
"How does that concern me?"
"In no way. I did not say it did. But you might choose to sail a week or two later. Alone, of course. It would be Paris, with me. You have told me that you wanted very much to see Paris."
She turned and faced him, then, more agitated than sugry.
"You speak of my busband having insulted me. What are you doing now?"

"You speak of my husband having insulted me.
What are you doing now?"
"I am trying to save you."
"Good Heavens! from what?"
"From him. Listen. I did not mean for you to
go directly to Paris. You would travel. But at a
certain date I could meet you there. I could meet
you with—well, with a document of importance."
"Explain. I don't understand you at all."
"Suppose I put the case in certain legal hands
here. Surpose they worked it up with skill and
shrewdness. Suppose they gained it. Suppose they
secured a divorce between you and him on
ground's."

"Or infidelity. You know the life he has lived. Or rather, you don't know. He has been so gay, so preminent, of late that almost any well-feed lawyer could-"

Caire interrupted him, there. "Leave me at once," she said, pointing toward the door. "Leave ne. 1 ord r you to do it." He obeyed her, but stopped when he had nearly

He obeyed her, but stopped when he had nearly reached the threshold.

"As my wife," he said, "you would reign more proudly than you have ever reigned yet. The moment you were free I would be so glad to make you mine—you, the loveliest woman I ever knew, and the most finely, strictly pure;"

"Leave me," she repeated; but he had quitted the room before her words were spoken.

She glauced in the direction whence his voice had come to her, and then, seeing that he was gone, she dropped back upon the sofa, and sat there, staring straight ahead at nothing, with tight-locked bands and colorless, alarmed face.

She heard Hollister re-enter the house that night, restless and broken sleep. By 9 o'clock she rang for her coffee, and then, after foreing herself to swallow it, began to dress, with her maid's assistance. Marie was a perfect servant. As she performed with capable exactitude one after another careful at a very late hour, and pass to his own apartments duty, the case and char n of being thus waited upon appealed to Claire with an ironical emphasis. The very softness and tasteful make of her garments took a new and dreary meaning. She had forgotten for weeks the dainty details of her late life, its elegance of tone, smoothness of movement, nicety of balance. These features had grown customary and meonspicuous, as cambric will in time growfamiliar to the skin that has brushed against coarser textures. But now the light, so to speak, had altered; it was cloudy and stormful; it brought out, in vivid etief, what before had been clad with the pleasant haze of habit. The very carpet beneath Claire's tread took a reminding softness; the numberless attractions and comforts of her chamber thrust forward special claims to her heed; even the elaborate or simple utensils of her dressing-table had each its distinct note of souvenir. She must so soon lose somuch of it all!

As if by some automatic and involuntary process, memory slipped images and pictures before her mental vision; she had noted them in the still, dark hours of the previous night, and they remained unpanished now by the glow of the wintry morning. She saw herself a child, cowed and satirized by he coarse and domineering mother; she witnessed the episode of her gentle father's firm and protective revolt; she lived again through the prosperous rise of the family fortunes; she watched herself brave and quell the insolence of Ada Gerrard, and slowly but surelyigain rank and recognition among those adverse and disdainful schoolfellows; she endured new the chagrin of subsequent decadence-the commonness and the disrelish of her public school career; the disappointment and monotony of her Jersey City experience; and then, lastly, the laborions and deathly tedium of Greenpoint. . . . Here the strange panorama would cease; the magic

the strange panorama would cease; the magiclantern of reminiscence had no more lenses in
its shadowy repository; the actual rook the place
of dream, and startled her by an aspect more unreal
than though wrought merely of recollection.
Had these recent weeks all been true? Had she
climbed so high in fact and not in fancy? Was the
throne from which fact now gave harsh threat of
pushing her a throne not built of air, but material,
tangible, solid? The strangeness of her own history
affected her in a purely objective way. She seemed
to stand apart from it and regard it as though it
were some lapse of singular country for which she
had gained the sight-seer's best vantage-point. Its
acclivities were so sheer, its valleys were so abrupt,
it took such headlong plunges and made such unexpected ascents.

The discreet and sedulous Marie divined little of

pected ascents.

The discreet and sedulous Marie divined little of what engrossed her mistress's mind, and withdrew in her wonted huminty of courtesy when Claire, no longer needing her service, at last dismissed her.

But before doing so, Claire took pains to learn that Hollister had not yet descended for his breakfast, which of late he had usually eaten alone in the great dining-room. She soon passed into her adjacent boudoir, where fresh treasures and mementoes addressed her through a silent prophecy of company loss.

toes addressed her through a silent prophecy of coming loss.

Here was a writing-table, well supplied with various kinds of note-paper, all bearing her initials in differing intertwisted devices. Not long ago she had questioned her husband on the subject of the Hollister creat; she would have been glad enough to receive from him some clew that might lead to its discovery; but he had expressed frank and entire ignorance regarding any such heraldic symbol.

Claire took a sneet of note paper, and, in a hand that was just unsteady enough to show her how strong an inward excitement was making stealthy attack upon her nervous power, began a brief note to Stuart Goldwin. When finished, the note (which hore no ceremonious prefix whatever, and was unmarked by any date) ran as follows:

"The words which you chose to address to m Ine words which you chose to address to me last night have permanently ended our acquaintance. As a gentleman to a gentlewoman, you were impolite. As a man to a woman, you were far worse. I desire that you will not answer these few lines, and that when we meet again, if such a meeting should ever occur, you will expect from me no more sign of recognition than that which I would

accord any one who had given me an unpardonable insult.

Claire sealed and directed this note. She did not chairs sealed and directed this note. She did not send it, however. After its completion she went down stairs into the dining-room.

Hollister was seated there, being served with breakfast. He had already found it impossible to eat; he was sipping a second or third cup of strong tea.

eat; he was sipping a second or third cup of strong tea.

When his wife appeared he slightly started. Claire went to the fire and stood before it, letting its warmth and glow hold her in thrall for quite a while. Her back was now turned to him; she was waiting for the butler to depart. He presently did so, closing a door behind his exit with just enough accentuation to make the sound convey decisive and final import.

Claire then slowly turned, removing one foot from one of the polished rods that bordered the firme-lit hearthstone. She looked straight at her husband; she did not need to see how pale he was; her first look had told her that. She had chosen to ignore all that he had said last night. It did not cost her much effort to do this; she had too keen a sense of her own wrong toward him not to condone the reckless way in which he had coupled her name with Goldwin's. Besides, had not Goldwin's own words to her, a little later, made that assault seem almost justified? She felt nothing toward him save a great pity. Her pity sprang, too, from remorse.

almost justified? She felt nothing toward him save a great pity. Her pity sprang, too, from remorse. She lacked all tenderness: this, joined with pity, would have meant love. "And I cannot love him?" she had already reflected. "If I only could, it would be so different. But I cannot."

When she spoke, her words were very calm and firm. "I thought you might have something more to tell me," she said. "I came down to see you, before you went away, for that reason. You said last night that everything had gone. There will be a day or two left us, I suppose; I mean a day or two of—possession." f-possession."

He was stirring the tea with his spoon. His eyes

or was surring the tea with his spoon. His eyes were bent on the table as he did so. He spoke without litting them. "Oh, yes," he answered. "Perhaps four or five days. They will seize the house, after that," he went on, "and all the furniture and valuables. Of course they can't touch what is really yaurs. I mean your diamonds, your dresses, et cetera."

et ectera."

A pause followed. "To-day I have a luncheon-party." said Claire.
"Yes . . . you told me. I remember."
"I hope nothing of . . of that sort will happen

to-day."
"No." He had taken his spoon from the cup, and "No." He had taken his spoon from the cup, and was starring down at it, as though he wanted to make sure of some flaw in its metal. His face was not merely pale; it had the worn look of severe anxiety. "You can have your luncheon-party with impunity. By the way, our own chef gets it up, doesn't he? You didn't have Delmonico or any one else in, did you?"

"No," she answered. "Pierre was to do it all. He had his full orders several days ago."

A fleet, bitter smile crossed Holisier's lips. He put his spoon back into the cup, but did not raise his eyes. "Oh, everything is safe enough for to-day," he said.

A fleet, bitter smile crossed Holisier's lips. He put his spoon back into the cup, but did not raise his eyes. "Oh, everything is safe enough for today," he said.

Claire moved slewly toward him. Her voice trembled a little as she now spoke. "Herbert," she said, and put forward one hand... "I don't see why we should not be friends at a time like this. You were angry hast night, and said things that I am sure you didn't mean—things that I've almost torgotten, and want entirely to forget. Let us both forget them. Let us be friends again, and talk matters over sensibly—as we ought to do."

She hersell was not aware of the loveless chill that touched every word she had just spoken. There was something absolutely matter-of-fact in her tones; they rang with a kind of commercial loudness. It was almost as though she were proposing a mercantile truce between man and man. Hollster visibly winced, and so why rose from the table. Every sentence that she had uttered had bitten into his very soul. His pride was alive, and keenly so. But he was not at all angry; he felt too miserably saddened for that.

"Claire," he said, "we had best not talk of being friends. If I spoke to you harshiy last night, I'm sorry. I don't quite recoilect just what I did say. Of course we must have a serious talk about how we are to live in future. But not now, if you please—not now. Your luncheon will go off all properly enough. Things are not so bad as that. I shall be away until evening. Perhaps when I come home again we can have our talk."

Claire looked at him with hard, bright eyes. She assured herself that he had causelessly repulsed her. Even allowing the wrong that she had done him of marrying him without love, why should he now repel, by this self-contained ansertity an advance which, in her egotistic misery, she believed a a sincere and spoutaneous one? She was wholly unaware of her own unfortunate demeanor; it seemed to her that she had done her best; she had tried to conciliate, to appease, to mollify. Was not her note to Goldwin now maware of her own initiatinate demeanor; it seemed to her that she had done her best; she had tried to conclitate, to appease, to mollify. Was not her note to Goldwin now in the pocket of her gown? Was not that note a defence of Herbert's own honor as of hers? She made the distinctly feminine error, while she rapidly surveyed the present contingency, of taking for granted that her husband possessed some obscure and mesmeric intuition regarding this same unseen piece of writing.

"Oh, very weil," she repiled, with an actually wounded manner; "You may do just as you please. I might have resented the unjust and horrible thing you said to me last evening, but I did not. I did not, because, as I told you, I thought it best for us to be friends once again,"

"Friends," He repeated the word with a harsh fragment of laughter. His changed face took another speedy change; it grew sembre and forbudding. "You and I, Claire, can never be friends. While we live together hereafter I'm afraid it must only be as strangers."

on the threshold and looked back at her. "You yourself make the reason. I'll do all I can. I don't know of any unjust or horrible thing that I said last evening. I only know that you are and have been my wife in name alone."

He had forgotten his speech regarding Goldwin. He had never had any suspicion, however remote, that she had transgressed her wifely vows. He simply felt that she had never loved him, and that she had married him for place and promotion in a worldly sense; that and no more.

she had married him for place and promotion in a worldly sense; that, and no more.

The draperies of the door at once shrouded his departing figure. Claire stood quite still, watching the agitated folds settle themselves into rest. 'He meant that Goldwin is my lover,' she told herself. 'What else could be possibly have meant?' She had some half-formed intent of hurrying after him and venting her indignation in no weak terms. Best if she had done so; for he might then have explained away, with surprise and perhaps contrition, the fatal blunder that she had made. But pride soon came, with its vetong interference. contrilled, the later blander that the second interference. She did not stir until she heard the outer door close atter him. Then, knowing that he was gone, let pride lay its gall on her hurt, and dull her m

let pride lay its gall on her hurt, and dull her mind to the sense of what wrong she had inflicted on him by the permitted mockery of their marriage. 'He had no reason to judgelso vilely of me,' sped her thoughts. 'His approval of that intimacy was clearly implied, however tacit. What must our lives together now become? He has brought a susmeful charge against me; if I loved him I could doubtless pardon him: love will pardon so much. doubtiess pardon him; love will pardon so much. But as it is, there must always remain a breach be-tween us. A continuance of our present brilliant affluence might bridge trover. The distractions and leasures of wealth, fashion, supremacy would take it less and less apparent to both; but poverty and perhaps even hardsup as well, how she [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CATERPILLAR KING.

BELLIGERENT NATURE OF THE REGALIS-HOW HE FIGHTS BIRDS.

"Regalis," said Mr. Elliott, the entomologist, to a TRIBUNE reporter," is the king of caterpillars. There are some points about him which are peculiar, one of the strangest being his belligerency. Birds are netu ally afraid to attack him, and even the mocking-bird, which is bold and rapacious and loves thick, july ealerpillars, is often beaten off by the resistance offered by this singular worm. This is, you will note, the worm the fable that turns against the aggressor. The regalls meets his for with his norms, with which he endeavors to ook his adversary somewhat in the manner of a cantank rous cow. He is well provided with these wexpons He has four principal ones five-eights of an inch in longth, four shorter ones, two that protrude, and one at his tail. The first eight are grouped upon what we term the thoracle segment, by which we mean the part which in the perfected insect will become the thorax. A catarpillar is built in thirteen segments and on nearly all of these in the regalls is an arrangement of six black, sharp, evil-looking spines. When a bird attacks this caterpiliar king he not only attempts to gore him, but he spits at him a shower of saliva and fragments of the leafy food he has been devouring, precisely like the llamas and vicunas to Cettral Park. These innocent-looking creatures with their lamb-like eyes; come up to be fed and caressed, and then syst, come up to be led and caressed, and then suddenly assuming an effended and injured air, they spit right into the faces of their banefactors. I grieve to say that the regalis has the same vill anous habit. We will irritate him and observe the consequences."

that the regalis has the value that have and irritate him and observe the consequences."

The immense creature, about six inches in length and an inch and a haif in circumference, was slowly travelling down a branch of hickory that had been provided for his accommodation. He was green like a pulpy vegetable; his horns were the color of old wax, with black tips. The spiracle band was a creamy white, and was broken by rolls of muscle connected with his long legs and feet, which were different in appearance from those of ordinary caterpiliars. As soon as Mr. Elfont his him a complimentary whack on each side of his body he stopped moving, his black legs clasped the stalk, not like a caterpiliar, but like the tiny monkeys that have no probasile tails. Then he yanked his head about wildly, sending his horns in every direction. Then a mass of sallva welled from the segment next to the thoracic, and from this policies of chlorophyl or the green substance of leaves were ejected in a fine shower.

"He doct not seem to aim very well," said Mr. Elliett,

n a fine shower.
" fie doce not seem to aim very weil," said Mr. Elliott,

"and entomologists are in doubt whether he can see or not. We have never found eyes, but we have found the optic nerve. I don't consider this a fair experiment, because he is going to descend into the mound I have provided for him to become a chrysalis. Under these circumstances all the nerves become enfectled. They shrink back to the spinal thread or chief nerve, and remain concentrated in the pupa to be redistributed in a new order in the perfected insect. We always know when the change is going to take place, because the skin above the spinal nerve because of the spinal nerve because the spinal nerve because of the spinal ner

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PERIL AND PRIVATION THAT FISHERMEN UNDERGO.

A sea captain from the Maritime Provinces of Canada, who was formerly commander of one of the largest fishing schooners that sailed out of Gloucester, was talking with a TRIBUNE reporter recently in regard to the fishing on the Grand and George's Banks this

Scotia this year," said he, "than ever before. Many new vessels are out also from Cape Cod and Gloucester. Had it not been for the recent severe storms the present season would have been the most profitable that has been known for years among the fishing fleets."

"What vessels have the best reputation among the fishing fleets!"

"Ob, the American vessels, by far. They are, as rule, larger, and are always better fitted up than the vessels of other nations. The capital invested is greater and the returns are larger on American fishing vessels han on any other. Then they have the best crew, and officers affoat."

"The largest fishing schooner that I think of at presen is one that sails out of Provincetown. She cost about \$20,000, and the cost of fitting her out for the season must be about \$4,000 more. The men of this vessel are pald wages, I believe, and the captain and mate are on shares. The schooner came back from the Banks about three weeks ago with a 'full fare,' and the owner will

"Of what nationality are the officers and crews of American vessels as a rule ?"

"The vessel is almost always commanded by an American. Sometimes a French Canadian, like myself, from the Maritime Provinces, is captain, but never, that I have known, a man of any other nationality. I had to before I could command an American vessel, of cours The crews are largely made up of Americans, though a large number of bardy fishermen from Cape Breten, the Isle Madame and Nova Scotia come every spring to

sels. But as a rule the Portuguese fish in small boats in the waters near their homes."
"Are the fishermen paid wages or do they fish for a certain percentage of the profits of the season's catch !" "Generally the crews fish for a percentage-on shares, as it is called—but in some of the American vessels the men are paid fixed wages."

the States and ship aboard the American fishing vessels.

Of late years there have been large settlements of
Portuguese fishermen on Cape Cod, and some of them
will be found among the crews of American fishing ves-

"Do the men fish in boats or in dories !" "Generally in dories. That is, they go out from the schooner in dories and set their trawls. A trawl con-sists of a couple of buoys connected by a long line from which depend fish lines with baired hooks. The men go out from the fishing vessels in little sharp-pointed deries of deep draught that will stand almost any amount of turn to the vessel with their day's catca. Frequently, in the thick fogs that almost always hang over the Grand and its occupants float about in the norrible gloom of a fog-covered ocean until they are picked up by some other fog-covered ocean until they are picked up by some other vessel or die of thirstorstavation. They take of making a law (perhaps they have done so already; I have not heard), compelling every master of a flaning vessel that sails out of an American port to supply his dortes with food and water for a certain number of days, every morning when they leave the scaoouer. If it were done, a large number of lives would be saved yearly without doubt. I knew of a case where two flanermen, one of whom is now master of a flaning vessel sailing out of Gioucester, were lost in the fog for four days and four nights without food or water. They puried to the westward all the time in hopes of reaching land or failing in with a vessel. On the evening of the fourth day one of the men died, and when on the next day the dory was cast upon the snores of Newfoundland, near Cane Race, his companion had scarcely enough strength left to pull the nody up be ond the reach of the waves. He tried all that day with his feeble hands to ever the form of his dead companion with a snad, but as it was growing his dead companion with a snad, but as it was growing the form of his dead companion with a snad, but as it was growing

LOADING ORANGES IN ITALY.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ITALIAN HABITS. A TRIBUNE reporter recently called at the store of one of the large fruit-dealers on the west side and there met the captain of a small steamer engaged in

the fruit trade who had just arrived with a full cargo of Messina oranges. Yes, we had a quick voyage," the captain said ; " but that doesn't matter so much when the cargo is oranges or lemons, because we get them rather green, and anyway they don't rot easy like pincapples and that truck.";

"Where do you get most of your oranges i"
"Well, Messina is the great place, but we pick up lots all along the coast, and this trip I went up to a little place on the Adriatic coast and got a rare good lot that was spoiling for want of a buyer. It's curious to see them fellers work all day long in the hot sun, lugging them boxes of oranges on their heads to the boats in a sun that you or me rouidn't walk under, to say nothin of shouldering half a hundred weight and carryin' it thirty rods to the boat and then a fresh load hour after nour, till it makes you tired to look at 'em. They are lazy beggars, too, and that's the funny part of it.

"When a steamer comes in to one of them little ports it sort of starts 'em up, and they jabter and rush about or a day or two as if they was walking on hot bricks.

or a day or two as if they was walking on hot bricks. You see there ain't any wharf, or 'moil' as they call it in their lingo, and so all the freight has to be carried out to the boats, which come up to the shore until we get into about two feet of water, and then we wait and them I tatians wade out with the boxes on their heads and dump them into the boat.

"Yes, it's a slow way, but when you have a dozen men running all day long it don't take long to clear out one of the small orange groves, and then we get up steam and are off to the next port.

"Are the I-talians strong! Well, some on the west coast are line men, and there is no getting round!", not much like the little runts you get here in New-York, but mostly tall, light-built fellers, strong, muscular men, who don't seem to get tired easy, but for steady work are no good. The women, too, help load the boats and sometimes do as good work as the men, being mostly big and strong and used to hard work, for the men make their women do the heavy farm work and they stand round and do most of the talking; it's only when a steamer comes and they know if the oranges ain't loaded in short order they'll lose the chance, you can get any work out of 'em."

THE OLD STYLE OF FIREMEN.

From The Philadelphia Times.

"Times ain't now what they used to be," remarked one gray-hearded veteran, as he turned his eyes, dimmed by looking at many fires, upon the reporter who sat on the benca beside him. "Iwas a bad day for Phil'delphy when them paid fellers got in. They ain't got the quickness 'at we volunters had. Bless me, you otter seed us breakin' along with that air hose-cart boundin' affer us like a toy-wagin. I reckon we could beat any pair o' horaes they've got now in the city fur a mile. It'member th' night that the big fire started down at Racce-st.—same day as President Zack Taylor died.—in 1856. One of the boys piled inter the shed yellow hat house had blowed up down near the Race Street wharf an' killed a dozen people an' had thrown a hundred bales of burnin' hay around that air nelgaborhood promiseacous-like. Which was settin' the hull square agoin'.

"I started on ahead to find how things was, an' when I got there I see No. 9 comin' up the street like mad, quite a ways ahead of our cart. I see they'd get the first chance at the nearest watering-plug an' wasn't willin', nohow, that the Ningara should be beat by that No. 9 crowd. So I picked up a sab bar'l an' tipped the ashes over into the gutter, an' then put her bottom up over the ping an' sot down on the top of her, smokin' my pipe as easy as anythin', though there was four houses blazin' away right afore me. The foreman of No. 9 came tearn' up and began lookin' fur taat plug is hitch his pipe onto, but he couldn't find it nowheres. Says he, swearin' mad:

"Am I gottio' ter be that foolish as to forget where that plug is on this here street! 'Very like,' said I, as cool as a cannak of ice and suckin' away on my pipe, which couldn't have gone our very well though, on account of the sparks failin' around us that thek. 'If you have forgot that there plug is down t'other corner further on.

have forgot that there ping is down tother corner ide-ther on.

"He jumped ahead, and, yellin' for the boys to foller him, the hull crowd west off down the street like a lot of wild cats. The next mint the Niagara comes up and I gits down off the bar'i, and, liftin' her from over the ping, lits down off the bar'i, and, liftin' her from over the ping, hitched fast an' got a stream on sive minits before any other comp'ny. I tell you, young man, they kin say what they want bout these new jig-a-marigs, but the old wolunteers was the best, an' some time, when Phil'dei-ply's clean burnt up, they'll wish they'd kep' us to take care of 'em."

KING OF THE CRACKERS.

A STUDY OF NATIVE LIFE IN FLORIDA.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 10 .- The Flor-JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 10.—The Floridian who is called the "King of the Crackers," is one of the richest cattle-owners in the State; one of its most executric characters; and the first American baby born in Florida after the State was ceded to the United States Government by the Spaniards in 1819. His fathers level in Ainchua county, close down by the Indian line.

"Many a hundred times," as he told me, the boy "Jake" saw young Osceola, who as boy and man was most proficient at these games of running and jumping, shooting and wrestling, and all manly sports. Oscoola

was chosen as kines (games of running and running shorts. Oscoola was chosen as king of all the petty chiefs of his tribe; his mother was daughter of the old king, and his father was said to have been a white man. When'l asked the "King of the Crackers" what he remembered of the young chief's looks he said: "He was a noble-lookin' man. He hadn't the high

cheek bones most Injuns have, nor little, varminty eyes He wa'n't a pooty Injun, but he was manly-lookin' and tall and straight, and you felt a sort of an awe of his presence you couldn't shake off."

At the breaking out o. the Indian war in 1835 all the riendly Indians were changed to warriors and braves.

"Jake" was then a lad of sixteen. Once during this
war the sound of sheep-bells saved his life; and once an
old deer-hound saved the lives of over a thousand people. This was the way of it:
"Jake's" father, having fought the Creek Indians in

Georgia, knew that he must place his wife and children in a safer shelter than the isolated homestead. He bundled them all into stagons and set out for a settlement called Newmansville. Other families were pouring into it from every quarter; and there were soon between one and two thousand people suddenly gathered together where only a few families had lived before. Food became scarce. The men had to work hard to build defences around the town. They dug a trench and made a wall of logs fifteen feet high and double—a log behind each crack in the logs before—and at this work they labored day and night. They needed to be well fed. But there was no way to get supplies unless a man took his life in his hand and made a stolen trip to man took his life in his hand and made a second his deserted home with its smoke-house and its sweet-potato patch. "Jake's" father decided to do this. He took another son and "Jake", and the three rode away toother, each intending to bring back all his horse ould carry. It was after dark when they entered their home. There was a "bank" of sweet potatoes in the yard. They found plenty of meat in the smokehouse, and there was coin in the bars, be-sides all the cotton they had picked that year. Corn meal and bacon and potatoes would make a splendid

for their lives going home.

They loaded their horses and tied them close to the bouse, and then as there were some hours to wait before the time when it would be best to start back, the boys threw themselves down on the floor and went to sleep. But the father watched. He knew that the Iudians had threatened to burn his house, and wondered that it had been spared so long. But the crafty enemy had been waiting for just such an occasion as this, when he should be tempted to come back to it, and even now they knew that he was there and were creeping up on him, intend-ing to kill him and his boys and destroy his house all at one stroke. But suddenly, through the stillness of the midnight a sound broke on his ear-a sheep-bell!

men and sacon and potatoes would make a personal booty to carry back, and they packed up as much as they dared, knowing that possibly they might have to ride

"Up, boys, and out! The Indians are on us!" he cried; for the sneep were ru-hing toward the sheep-pen, follow-ing their frightened leader, and he knew by the way they ran to their shelter that they had been startled by the approach of men. In a moment all three were in their dles riding for dear life, seeking hollows of thick wooded places and obscure, unknown paths for safety. But they were not out of sight when the glow of their burning dwelling lit the sky, and though they got safely into the fortifications, the Indians took a terrible revenge upon the harmiess animals that had given them warning. There were more than a handred sheep. They penned up the bleating creatures and one or one they beauned them alive! From some they tore wide belts of fleece; others they left with bodies covered but with legs stripped; some had their helpless heads and faces skinned. All died in horrible suffering, tortured by insects and birds of prey before dying.

GOOD WORK OF A LITTLE CANNON.

As the hot summer went on there was sickness and death in the fortified village behind the tail logs; and as the Indians seemed to have deserted that part of the country, the times were changed. Mothers carried their sick babies outside of the walls and camped an i cooled in the shade of the trees, only returning inside when darkness came. Day after day the fert was thus comp-tied. Old men and toys, who were the sole defence of the place, went to hunt wild turkeys or other game; and all rested in a care ess sense of security. So it was that one day "old man Pendarvis" went out to see if he could kill a deer, and followed a narrow stream shaded by trees, where deer came to drink. Suddenly his old dog

trees, where deer came to drink. Suddenly his old dog stepped with a peculiar grow, and Pendarvia, noting him, crept cautionsly forward until he saw two or three Indians, at aed, naked, and painted with war-paint, creeping up to the stream.

He nastened back to give the alarm, and a wild scene foll, wid, women shricking and rushing to the fort, carring sometimes their own babies and sometimes other pasons, picked up by mistake in the flarry. Men were is will sered and panic-struck; they were but three himined old men and boys, and there were the lives of a thousand women and children at stake. The old deer-hound bad done his part; he had warned his master, and his master had outsripped the enemy by a few minutes, else the Indians would have surprised them completely and massacred the last soul; for it was Osceola and five hundred braves who were creeping up that brook!

Carpenter Horn—a man that contint' be idle—in his leisure hours had anade wheels and mounted a little old cannon that had been thrown assite by some troops travelling south. A bushel of six-pound balls had been left with it, and this cannon he took charge of and wheeled into phoe when the Indians made their first dash at the fort. The first shot from it killed two Indians. It was a terrible surprise to the altacking party. They knew all about guns, but a cannon they had never heard of, and its power and its noise so over whelmed them that some of them fled at the mere sound. But others charged, and there was a fiere battle, which the cannon and Carpenter Horn flash but that you had not the stake of them that some of them fled at the mere sound. But others charged, and there was a fiere battle, which the cannon and stopped with a peculiar growl, and Pendarvia, noting

" FRIGHTED WITH FALSE FIRE," Perhaps I had better say, just here, that while the erackers" in Georgia and other Southern States are poor white people, and get their name from harvest labors, corn-shucking, or "corn-cracking," the Florida eracker" is a cow-boy, cattle owner or cattle dealer; and some of these men attain considerable wealth. They take their name from the art they have of cracking a long leather whip, which sounds like a gun-shot at half

"The King of the Crackers" tells with much enloyment a story of a troop of "regular" United States soldiers encamped in the Florida nammock-land during the Indian war. They were resting at night after a march in this wild jungie-like country, when suddenly a stranga-trumpeting note was heard. "That's a tiger! That's the way they call their mates!' exclaimed one. Intense alarm prevailed. No one dreamed that it was only an owl hooting. Then an old alligator bellowed. "That's owl hooting. Then an cid alligator believed. That is a lion roaring!" some one eise declared. Then came a volley of sharp quick sounds. "Thin's muskits, byes!" said a little Irish sergean!, springing up. "The Indians is tightln' through the woods, an' they'il be at us in a twinkim!".

But it was only a party of cow-boys herding up their cattle, and the fame of that night's terrors went abroad and mightily amused the crackers.

A CONTENTED CAREER.

"Jake" who could tide a horse and crack a whip when he was seven years old, when he was a young man could wield a whip eighteen feet long, only eighteen inches of it in the handle. His father gave him some calves when he was a lad, and "Jake" prospered. Thousands of eattle belonged to him as he grew older, and year by year he sold thousands in Cuba, and made great profits on every ship-load. The Spaniards regarded him with wonder-a man who couldn't be cheated, who wouldn't gamble, and who never drank. He bought lands and built wharves, he came to own houses and lakes, and groves of orange and lemon trees. Storles of his riches built wharves, he came to own houses and lakes, and groves of orange and lemon trees. Stories of his riches began to be repeated and he came to be called the "King of the Crackers"—a name which nightly pleases him. For he is proud of his early hardships and dargers; he dreases, lives, talks and trades as a poor man might, but he gives to the poor and defends the cause of the fatherless against the land shark as only a rich man can. Queer stories are told of him and of other rich cattle-dealers in South Florida. Credible witnesses state that in the rude log-cabin of these men uncounted wealth lies unconcealed. Many have seen the "King of the Crackers," in his blue shirt and rough trousers, paying out money from a peck of gold pieces heaped on a rude pine table. Fat yellow Spanish doublooms, cach gold piece worth more than \$15, are bundled into a corn sack and left to lie in a corner, or are staffed into the sleeve of a old checked homespun shirt, or given by the fin cupful to a child to play with. Old cigar-boxes, tin meat-cans, old woollen socks, are favorite holders of money for the ford a cattle-men. These articles will very probably Florida cattle-men. These articles will very probably be set on a rafter or poked into a chink behind a dostrame. None seem to take much care of morey for the mean enough to steal dollars and cents?

Pronder of his nickname—or title—than of his money, the "King of the Crackers," who hoes his own garlen and waters his pet mule with perhaps an ostentations humility, makes his boast of lack of all pretences. "Fix nothin but a cracker, don't you see f' he will say, panaming as he leads along the sid white mule. "I don't try to ape the quality. I ain't worn a coat in twenty-year. I am't-sethir up for a fine gentleman. My ost blue trousers and my check shirt suits me—and a good pier of stout gallowes. Fe ha nor shine, I don't want asy more. My boys can dress up in store ciothes, if it suits em—ge to osilege—talk big; Pm goin' on jest this way hill if drap in my tracks. Pm goin' to work